

Maryknoll

THE FIELD





THE EMPTY BOWL—Ah Ching, carrying her baby brother, is completely exhausted from cold, hunger, and flight. Her rice bowl, used to beg food, lies empty. Ah Ching speaks for all of suffering China.





THE LAST PICTURE



Silence, yes.

Let them have silence,

Call the roll of their names
and let it go at that.

To long sleep and deep silence
they have gone.

Deep among the never
forgotten.

— CARL SANDBURG

by Albert J. Nevins

I WANT TO REMEMBER Father Bill Cummings as he stood before his altar that morning on Bataan. The air was dense with the smoke of burning forests. The sound of gunfire, the coughing and whine of hurrying military vehicles, lent distraction to the ear. Through the haze, above the din, could be seen and heard Father Cummings as he offered one of his last Masses on earth.

I want to remember him as he stood before the rough, wooden map table that served as his altar; his vestments wrinkled, his khaki pants contrasted against the white of his alb, his heavy soldier boots caked with mud. I want to remember him saying Mass in those strange surroundings as unconcernedly as if he were offering the same Sacrifice at home in the Maryknoll chapel.

This is my way, but there are

others who remember differently.

Brigadier General Carlos Romulo — former aide to General MacArthur, Pulitzer Prize winner, Manila publisher, and now head of the Philippine Delegation to the United Nations — remembers another and earlier Mass on Bataan. It was said on Easter Sunday.

When General (then Colonel) Romulo returned to his headquarters after hearing that Mass, he remarked to a fellow officer: "I'd give anything to be back in Manila today. What a great editorial I could write!"

"About what?" asked the officer.

"The sermon I just heard at the field Mass. The chaplain, a Maryknoll priest, Father Cummings, coined a phrase that deserves to ring around the world. He said, 'There are no atheists in foxholes!'"

General Romulo later escaped from Bataan, and Father Cummings'

phrase from that Easter battlefield sermon did catch fire and flame around the world.

There are others who remember Father Cummings. There is the boyhood friend who grew up with him in San Francisco, and who likes to remember him as he was in 1926 when he came to Maryknoll — a tall, thin, bespectacled youth, already a major seminarian, full of zeal and fire to help the unfortunate people of the world.

Father's sister, Edith, remembers the June day in 1928, when, in the San Francisco Cathedral, Archbishop Hanna ordained the young Maryknoller to the priesthood. It was the happiest day of her life.

There are young priests now who remember Father Cummings as their genial, kindly professor. There are thousands of Catholics who remember him as a speaker in pulpits across our country, pleading for funds to aid Maryknoll's work.

A Maryknoll superior remembers the many letters and entreaties he received from Father Cummings, all asking that he be sent to the missions despite a back injury that had kept him in the homeland. This same superior also remembers how Father Bill wore him down, and how in 1940 Father was finally assigned to the Philippine Islands, because it was believed that there his health would withstand the rigors of mission life.

OUR MAILING ADDRESS?

It's easy to remember.

Write to:

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.**

An Army colonel remembers the day, just after Pearl Harbor, when Father Cummings entered his office at

Army headquarters in Manila.

"Colonel," said the priest, "I want to get into the Army. I don't care whether I get a commission or not. I don't care whether I have a uniform or a place to sleep. But the boys will be needing priests, and I want to help them."

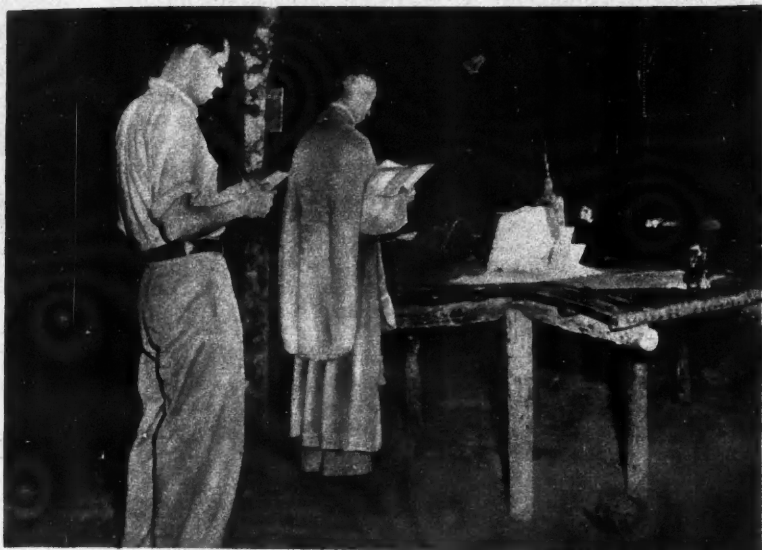
The colonel remembers how he was moved by the priest's sincerity and zeal; how he granted his request and commissioned him a lieutenant.

Nurse Juanita Redmond best remembers Father Cummings for a day in Base Hospital One on Bataan. Despite the markings on the hospital, enemy planes bombed it. The wounded and sick in the building were thrown into a frenzied panic.

"Right in the middle of the bombing," says Miss Redmond, "Father Cummings, the Catholic chaplain, came into our ward.

"'Boys, that was tough,' he said 'but let's pray to God they don't come back.'"

"He stood there praying, with his hands in the air. He prayed for about five minutes, and then another wave of bombers struck. One bomb fell only a few yards from him, and a piece of it broke his arm and cut his shoulder, but he never stopped praying, and his voice didn't falter.



One of the last photos from Bataan; perhaps Father Cummings' last Mass

"It wasn't until the last bomb fell that Father Cummings finished his prayer. Then he turned to another chaplain who had come in, and said: 'All right, partner, take over. I'm wounded.'

"He certainly saved a great many lives that day, because if he had not come in and told the boys to stay by their beds, a good many more would have run out into the open and been machine-gunned."

It is the next morning that an Army doctor remembers. The doctor saw Father Cummings, arm in sling, trudging along the road to the front lines, shortly after dawn. The doctor reprimanded him.

"What are you doing here, Padre? You belong in bed. Get back there

right away!" the doctor called out.

Without pausing in his stride, Father Cummings calmly replied: "Doc, there are a lot of men up front far worse off than I am. I'm going up to help them."

There are still some persons who remember the letter that was drawn up that day by the patients and staff of the hospital. Addressed to President Roosevelt, it was a commendation by the men of their chaplain. Whether that letter ever left besieged Bataan, we have no way of knowing.

Then there is the little Army nurse, as Irish as Tipperary, with raven hair and sparkling eye. She remembers especially one evening on Bataan. She was married then, to a young lieutenant. She will never for-

get Father Cummings as he performed the marriage ceremony in the front lines, under fire.

The list of those who remember is long. There are a pitiful few who recall Father Cummings as he dragged himself along during the Bataan Death March. Sergeant Curtis Jefferson remembers the Maryknoller at Bilibid Prison, where the Death March survivors were taken. There Father Cummings used contacts outside the prison to smuggle in extra food and rations for the prisoners.

"He was always cheerful," said the sergeant. "He was a great morale booster. When he would meet you, he would say, 'Hello, Joe! Things are looking up today.'"

Major Albert Talbot, another chaplain, remembers talking with Father Cummings one day, and next day seeing him put aboard a ship for transfer to a prison in Japan.

Finally, there are those who remember the last days. Captain Sparks was on the same transport. He, too, has memories of the Bataan Padre.

"Father Cummings died like a hero," he said. "He is the priest who got, and deserved, the Distinguished Service Cross. He had a fine, strong voice, and at night in the hold of our ship we heard him exhorting the men to keep up their courage, hold

on to whatever life they retained. "Conditions were frightful. We had tropical clothes, and the cold was paralyzing. Men were going insane from starvation. Five spoonfuls of water were given each of us daily. Father Cummings used to give a little talk to the men who were dying. Then one night we failed to hear him speak. We were told that he had died."

Another soldier remembers Father Cummings' death. "I was with him when he died," reports the soldier. "Right up to the end, he told us to hold on, that we would soon be safe. I remember wondering how a dying man could have such a strong clear voice."

These are the memories, crowding one upon the other. Memories of tired men. Memories of men sick with malaria, dysentery, beriberi. Memories of men with faces pinched from hunger and pain. Memories of smoke and dust, of high heroism, of despair, and of death.

But for myself, I want to remember Father Cummings as he stood before his altar on Bataan — the way the last picture of him was taken and sent to America; the way millions of Americans last saw him. For that was the purpose of his going to Bataan in the first place — to bring Christ to those men.

Cherry Seed, the Left-Hander

MADAME HOU was hysterical; her four-year-old daughter, Cherry Seed, was lost. The Sisters did not know Cherry Seed, but with a brief description of her they started a search and came back shortly with the lost child. "It was easy," they explained. "We saw a little girl wandering in the market place. We asked her if she could bless herself. When she made the sign of the cross with her left hand, we knew she was Cherry Seed!"

AH SAAM --- and the Pig Boat

MEET Ah Saam, a little Chinese boy who lives on a West River boat with his brother, grandparents, and parents. Ah Saam was born on this boat, and will grow up here. When he becomes a man, he will bring his wife to live on the river and will raise his family on a boat, as many millions of Chinese now do.

PHOTO STORY BY JOHN JANE

In a small enclosure just above the waterline, Ah Saam's parents keep their pigs. It is Ah Saam's job to feed the pigs and clean their cage. On some boats the owners keep poultry. Rarely do the boat-folk go ashore.







Ah Saam and his brother like to watch the river traffic as they eat. He hopes that one day he will have a junk of his own. Because the boat people lead a nomadic life, it is difficult for missionaries to reach them.

by Louis I. Bayless

The Wife-Stealer Repents

A PAGAN WHO ALREADY had a wife tried to run off with the wife of a Christian. The members of the Catholic Action here at the Maryknoll mission in Nyegina, East Africa, heard about the wife-stealer. They took drastic action in this emergency. Two of them slipped into the pagan's house and took his bicycle. Then they raced madly to the mission and handed it over to me. Later they told the pagan that he could get his bicycle by calling at the mission on the following Sunday.

After Mass that Sunday, the leaders of Catholic Action, the pagan and his wife, the Christian and his erring wife — twenty-six persons in all — gathered in my office. And then the discussion started. How these people love occasions like this! Everybody put in his two cents' worth, and at times everyone in the room was talking at once. But, in the end, a solution was reached. The pagan agreed not to take the wife of the Christian. He was given his bike with the warning that, if he tried it again he would be sent before the Native Court. The only really disappointed one was the wife of the pagan: she wanted the Catholic Action to fine her husband and take him to court. But all the parties concerned agreed to abide by the decision. It is in cases like these that the missionary is glad that he took the time and trouble to organize Catholic Action groups. Each village in my mission has a

Catholic Action organization, with an elected leader.

The biggest and most enjoyable task of the *Aksio Katolica*, as it is called here, is settling marriage and dowry problems. Recently a Christian in an unlawful marriage had been separated from his wife while he finished his public penance. The culprit tried to sneak back, but in stepped the elders of *Aksio Katolica* and ordered him to move elsewhere and he did. It's uncanny the way the natives can come up with the best solution. And I'm amazed at the success with which they enforce their decisions.

Once a month, the heads of Catholic Action from all the mission stations come to the central mission for a general meeting. Christians who have complaints can present their cases before the general assembly. After the meeting is over the elders come to me and get my approval on their decisions. I sign the letters they have written to wayward Christians.

Aksio Katolica is an excellent preparation for the day when these Africans will be guided by a native clergy. The people now realize that they have a responsibility to protect the community. They are proving that they will be well able to handle their own affairs.





Sudden Death in the Afternoon

The Great Bolivian Train Wreck

by John J. Lawler

IT WAS A COLD, wintry night. The wind whistled down from its Andean passes, chilling the warmer air of the Cochabamba Valley. It was a good night to be in bed, warm under a thick vicuna or alpaca blanket. Suddenly I became aware of a pounding at the front door.

Rubbing the sleep from my eyes, throwing my cassock on, I stumbled in the darkness to the front of the house. Pedro, one of our Catholic Action youths, stood there.

"Padre, something terrible has happened!" he shouted between gasps for breath. "The *fiesta* train went off the track! Many people were hurt and they're being brought to Cochabamba in a rescue train. You'd better come to the station."

"What time will the rescue train arrive, Pedro?"

"About one o'clock, Padre."

I told Pedro to go down to the station and tell the officials that I would be there shortly. Then I returned to my room. My first thought was to take the sacred oils, stole, and ritual. My second was that I should need the truck, which was at the Maryknoll Procure with Father Eugene Higgins.

I reached the Procure after a fifteen-minute run over the darkened roads of Cochabamba. I pounded on the door. After a few moments, which seemed like hours, Father Higgins appeared.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, when he saw my flushed face and heard me gasping for breath.

"There has been a train accident! The injured will be at the station in a half hour. I may need the truck to move the injured."

"I'll go down with you," he said.

In a few moments, we were bound along in the battered, old mission truck. Our first stop was at the Public First-Aid Station. Cochabamba's whole medical corps, about fifteen doctors, was there. With them was Senor Gabino, head of the railroad. He told us details of the accident.

The train was returning to Cochabamba, crowded with men, women, and children who had gone on an annual pilgrimage to a shrine many miles away. The people were happy and carefree, for it was *fiesta* time. Besides, many of them were enjoying the only outing they could take each year.

As the train was making one of its steep mountainous descents near Araque, the engineer sensed that something was wrong. He stopped the train on the mountainside and stepped out of his cab to investigate. What he saw, froze him with horror. There was but one car attached to the engine — and there should have been six. The coupling between the first and second car had broken. Just then, careening down the mountain, around a curve, came the five cars that had broken away. The runaway coaches crashed into the stopped section.

No one knew yet, how many victims there were. The first group of injured had been taken to Punata, twenty-four miles away. A freight train had been sent out to bring the rest to Cochabamba.

As we started for the station, Father Higgins met one of the members of his newly organized Catholic Women's Club. He asked her to get as many women as she could and

take them to the hospital to act as nurses, because there are no professional nurses in Cochabamba.

We arrived at the station just after one o'clock. A half hour later, the rescue train pulled in. Before the train stopped, Father Higgins and I jumped aboard the first car; Father Quiroga, a Bolivian priest, who had come along with us, climbed into the second.

Inside the car I was met with a scene of horror. Shrieks of pain pierced the air. Bodies of men, women, and children were strewn on the floor of the car. It didn't take long to discover that the living were interspersed with the dead.

I went down on one knee beside a woman who was bleeding from mouth and nose. I could feel the blood that covered the floor seeping through my cassock.

"Senora," I said, "I'm the Padre. Make an act of contrition while I give you absolution."

"Thank God! Thank God!" she moaned.

I moved on to the next — a girl about twelve years old, who was whimpering, "Mama, Mama."

I saw that her head was on the lap of an older woman. I bent over further. The mother was dead. I turned back to the girl.

"Padre, my feet!" she cried.



"Oh, how my feet hurt!" I glanced down. Her legs were bloody stumps at the places where knees should have been. But there was no time for pity. From all sides came cries: "Padre, I'm dying! I want to confess."

The cold wind that whistled down from the Andes no longer chilled me. I was too numb from shock. I crawled over bruised and broken bodies, anointing and absolving.

Shortly after three in the morning, our work at the station was over. Then we rushed to the hospital. The doctors were working heroically under terrible conditions. The foyer leading into two small operating rooms had been filled with tables, upon which the injured were placed.

"Padre!" called one of the temporary nurses. She pointed to an Indian woman who had just died. "This woman gave birth to a boy about five minutes ago. Will you baptize the baby?"

As I poured the saving waters, there was a cry from the newborn child—a strange contrast in that room of the dying and the dead.

It was seven o'clock when we drove back to my parish. After Mass we returned to the hospital. By that time a count had been made of the casualties. Over three hundred people had perished in the wreck, a total

greater than Scotland's Gretna Disaster, which took 227 lives and was the world's deadliest train wreck.

As far as I know, this story of Bolivia's disastrous train wreck was never published in any paper in the United States. Nor is it listed in any accident catalogue. But the Araque tragedy has a lasting memorial in the Cochabamba Valley. Time has fought a losing battle to erase from the minds of the people the ill-fated train ride of four years ago.

The authorities erected a huge cross at the scene, but that failed to satisfy the grieving families. The Indians banded together and approached the bishop with plans of their own. He was quick to give his blessing. For four years, the men spent their free hours fashioning adobe bricks and building walls.

When the work was completed, once again the Indians approached the bishop. The group asked that Padre Morales, a veteran Carmelite missionary, be sent down to open the new church with a mission. Over five hundred families crowded into the new church; every single one received Communion. Every hour on the hour the church bells tolled the sad rhythm of the requiem for the 320 people who had perished in the world's worst train wreck.



An Irishman of the East

Ambassador John Chang, Korea's staunchly Catholic representative in Washington, has a good sense of humor.

Last spring he gave a dinner to his friends, and quite by accident he chose Saint Patrick's Day for the event. One of the first guests to arrive brought him a green carnation for his buttonhole. John wore it proudly. "We Koreans," he explained, "are called the Irish of the East. That is excuse enough for holding a dinner that rivals the Hibernians' one."

Back to the Corn Patch

by Robert E. Lee

JORGE TAMAYO moved into the Territory two years ago. He had planned to work temporarily in the chicle industry of this Middle American settlement. But he wasn't here long before he took a fancy to the black-haired, sparkling-eyed daughter of Gervasio Ye, in the village of Yodznot. Jorge stayed on.

In August Jorge came to visit me. With him were his future father-in-law and a friend named Timoteo Mac. Timoteo did quite a bit of talking while arrangements were being made for the wedding. Poor Timoteo had a hard time of it because he stutters.

On the day of the wedding, I set out for Jorge's village, where he had by now acquired a small farm. The rain caught up with me just as I reached the village of Cahncah. Drenched to the skin, I pulled my horse, Don Quixote, off the trail at the house where our catechist Feliciano Llnaes was teaching, and he brewed up some hot soup to restore heat to my body.

On reaching Yedzonot, I hustled over to the palm-thatched chapel in order to give the bride and groom some instructions. I baptized the girl conditionally. Then I discovered that my altar boy was outside, busy with an amateur bullfight! He had gathered several other boys, and the group were in the corral trying to get a dappled bull excited by waving a red blanket.

Jorge and his bride were married without incident. The honeymoon was probably the shortest one on record. I noticed that the bridegroom donned his work clothes immediately after the ceremony; he had to hurry back to work in his corn patch





Kyoto Sunday Morning

by Evelyn G. Vernier

An American civilian employee reminisces

I SHOULD LIKE to be able to show you "movies" of Sunday Mass at Saint Francis Xavier Church in Kyoto, Japan. The fascinating contrasts between our Western customs and the age-old mystery of the East would be delightful.

Inside the church was the familiar beauty of the altar. The priest wore richly embroidered vestments of pure silk. We knelt on cushions of pure silk, in that land where silk is more plentiful than paper.

I remember how the Japanese left their wooden clogs at the church door and padded into church on their heavy socks; how they genuflected on both knees and bowed low before the Blessed Sacrament.

When the organ began to play, we Americans working for the Military Government recognized familiar melodies, but we were always slightly startled to hear them sung in guttural, many-syllabled Japanese. After we had become accustomed to the strange language, the choir would further surprise us by singing in Latin, which was pronounced with a European accent. The choir had been taught by European nuns in the orphan school beside the church.

But what I liked best were the tiny Japanese girls who gathered the collection in embroidered silk purses. The little darlings were garbed in gaily flowered kimonos, their white-veiled heads were hardly visible

over the pew tops. The small girls would look up and smile gratefully at each contribution.

For weeks we enjoyed watching their dark, slanted eyes smiling at us as we dropped our yen (Japanese money) into the purses. One day I asked Father Steinbach, the Maryknoll pastor, why little girls gathered the collection.

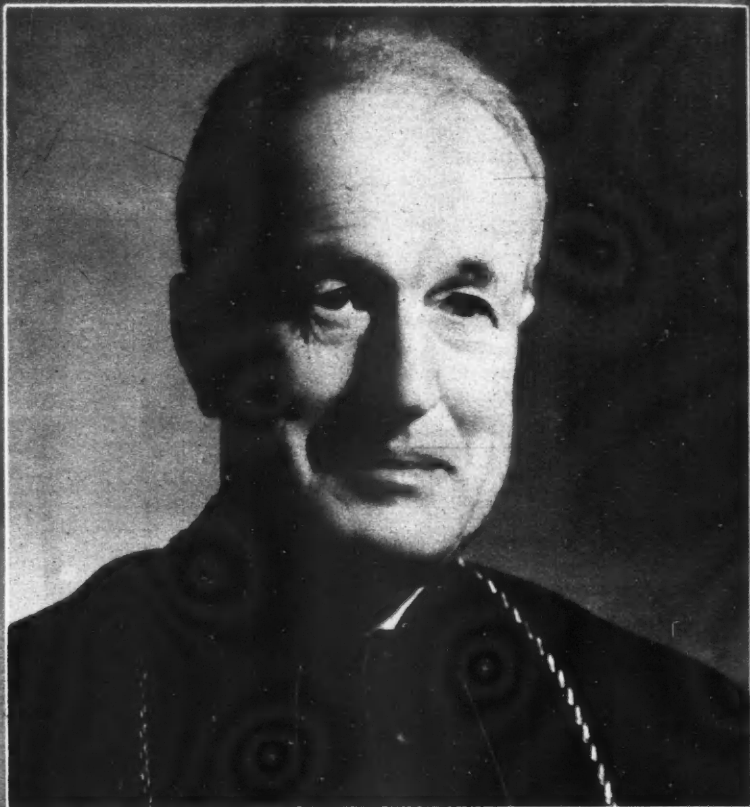
"Before the war," Father explained, "men were exalted creatures here in Japan. It was considered beneath the dignity of a man to pass the collection purse. But since the occupation, American soldiers have many times passed the collection purses in our church. They made very clear to the Japanese the fact that American men consider it a privilege to pass the basket in God's house."

"But I still prefer to have the little girls do it," Father Steinbach confessed. "I like to see their proud smiles when they have been serving God in this manner."



Tiny newsreel of Kyoto. At top: Monsignor Furuya leads the choir; then preaches to a congregation made up of many Americans. Outside, tots play before their Mass. At left: St. Francis Xavier Church, and a Maryknoll Sister introducing herself to a little Japanese girl friend.





The Holy Father's Representative in Korea

In 1915, a tall, thin young priest with a twinkle in his eye climbed Sunset Hill and became a Maryknoller. Fresh from ordination, he was the infant society's first priest and for a generation now he has been pioneering as a missionary in the Far East. Today we refer to him as His Excellency, the Most Reverend Patrick J. Byrne, Titular Bishop of Gazera, Apostolic Delegate to Korea. Bishop Byrne has lived through stirring years in Korea and Japan, including World War II when he was confined by the Japanese to his Kyoto parish though not imprisoned.





Pepita of the Lonesome Tooth

ACCORDING to American advertising standards, Pepita was no Powers model. Subject as her old and wrinkled face had been to sun, rain, toil, and sweat, not even the best of American face creams could smooth it out. Nature alone had provided the messages. Laundry soap and river water had taken the place of expensive lotions that should have caressed those old and shaking hands. Beans and bread and wine had nourished her shriveled body, but since those items lacked the necessary vitamin and calcium content, they had left her at the age of eighty-five with only a single tooth in the very middle of her upper gums.

For ages, Pepita had been alone. Disease, lack of proper diet and earthquakes had taken the children for whom she had suffered pain and privation. Now the only way to support herself was to beg. So, with creaking, complaining, arthritic joints, she walked the streets. In her hand was a card so dirty and worn that one could not prove it even if one wished that this card was really



by James V. Manning

a license to beg given by some ancient Mayor.

I met Pepita when I first came to Chile. She came to the rectory, asking for a little help. So nice and gentle was she, that there was nothing I could do but reciprocate and be extra kind. I gave her enough money to buy food and charcoal, but I jokingly remarked that she should

spend the money only to buy toothpaste for that lonesome tooth.

This went on for five years. Day in and day out, she requested and got the money for toothpaste. It was always a big joke. She came, got her money, we both laughed heartily, and then she departed.

Then for more than a month, Pepita did not appear. I didn't know where she lived because she never would tell me. I began to think that our hard winter this year had taken her off, as it had so many others.

But today I found her. She was alive, but sadder and older. This time there were no jokes. She had no pride left. Now she could only beg for a pittance to keep body and soul together—for Pepita's lonesome tooth was gone.

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

by Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Asia promises to be an unfriendly place for Christ and His followers, and particularly His missionaries during the next few years. Communism is the chief reason.

But the missionaries do not condemn Asiatics for this. They realize that an unfriendly Asia is born on an unknown Asia. When hostile voices are raised, Asia is not sufficiently acquainted with Christ to recognize the voices as false. Asia is not hostile; its huge masses of people are remarkably well disposed toward Christ. But unfortunately, when angry words are uttered against Christ, Asiatics for the most part are unprepared to deny them.

This is the tragedy of the present march of communism throughout a great portion of Asia.

Great masses in China are under Communist power. Millions in southeastern Asia are pro-Communist and bitterly anti-religious. Other millions, though in lesser proportion to the whole, are of the same mind in India and in western Asia. The trend is growing, and only those persons who bury their heads in the sand will say that Christianity has no reason for concern.

Two causes are uppermost. One is social. A well-traveled observer phrased it this way recently: "Peoples who are overburdened, underfed, uneducated, are obviously fertile soil for communism. People who are

starving can easily be molded into hammers and sickles."

The second cause is spiritual. A Catholic writer says: "There will be fewer Communists when there are more and better Christians. In short, there will be fewer Communists when we as Christians are more keenly alive to our responsibility to God to fight the sufferings and misery of our brother men over all the earth."

Maryknoll missionaries go out to Asia to preach Christ, the whole Christ. They will give men the Christ of worship, the Christ of the Mass. They will preach the Christ of love and tender solicitude; the Christ of the overburdened, the underfed, the uneducated, the lowly of all the world. This Christ, despite all that has been done, is still almost unknown in Asia.

Because newspaper headlines scream of calamity, it is unwise to assume that it is impossible for missionaries to labor in Asia. It is a huge continent with a billion inhabitants. In many quiet areas of considerable size within China and other lands the apostolate of Christ will continue. If, on the other hand, Maryknollers and other missionaries in disturbed areas encounter trouble they will know how to accept that also; it is part of the missionary tradition.









Chinese is Greek to him

JOEY

by James E. Fitzgerald

THE TOISHAN mission is something like an international club, with overseas Chinese dropping in from all parts of the world. Recently I visited the pastor of Toishan, Father John Toomey; I also met Joseph, whom Father Toomey calls his "problem child." Joey's father brought the family from Canada for a visit to China, not long ago. The lad speaks fluent English and French; his mother is French Canadian. Why his Chinese father didn't teach him Chinese, is a mystery. Joey spends most of his time at the mission house.

Shortly after his arrival in Toishan, Joey assumed the job of head altar boy. Now he has the altar boys eating out of his hand. They have no mutual language, but I think Joey trains them the way Clyde Beatty trained his cats.

I was there over a Sunday and saw Joey surprise the pastor at Benediction time. The lad put on as acolytes two boys who had never served before; Joe was like a hen with her first batch of chicks. The new acolytes glued their eyes on Joe, who directed them with a solemn nod of the head, or a raising of the eyebrows, when to kneel.

At nine o'clock on the night of my visit, I heard Father Toomey call out, "Okay, Joe, closing time."

"Aw, Father, so early?" moaned Joe. "Can I take an Ellery Queen?"





They Can't Go Without Tickets

THIS YEAR'S ORDINATION group includes 27 new priests.

Maryknoll is anxious to send these young priests to join their fellow missionaries working for Christ in eleven different countries throughout the world. Far from the land of their birth, they must learn to speak new tongues, to eat strange food, to conform to the customs of their people, and to accept the living conditions that they find in those strange lands.

Delighted though we are to send

our missionaries, and anxious though they are to go, their departure depends on you. They can't go simply on "a wing and a prayer"! The travel fare for each missionary comes to \$500 — and that is our problem.

Twenty-seven times \$500 is a big sum. It must be found somehow, somewhere. Any portion of the \$500 (no matter how large or how small) will be most welcome. If you will supply the fare, we will see that the missionaries get there!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

I enclose \$_____ to help pay the passage of one Maryknoll missionary to his field of work. I wish him success!

My Name _____

Street _____ Zone _____

City _____ State _____

AH LUNG was listening respectfully but with evident impatience. He made an attempt to interrupt, but Father Carney continued: "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you." In these words of Christ are expressed both the source and the excellence of a vocation to the priesthood," said the priest. "Moreover, it is my opinion that God has singled out your grandson for the reception of this unique grace. You can see for yourself that David has been fitted by nature and grace for a high station in life. He is sound of body, keen of mind, blameless in conduct. He loves the proximity of the altar, and he is as natural a leader of his fellow students as a queen bee is of her hive. His company is like the taste of fine tea to a discerning palate. Besides, his heart is set on the priesthood. Surely you cannot deny him your blessing!"

"Blessing!" the old one blurted out. "It's impossible. I'll hear no more talk of this. Not in ten thousand years! It will never be said that Ah Lung bought a wife for his grandson and would not go through with the bargain."

The very thought of it aroused Ah Lung to wrath, and he struck the table vehemently—an unwonted gesture. He swore: "If the lad will not take the wife I have chosen for him, I will drive his family from my house. What's more, I will hunt him with a gun, as I would a wild animal!"

The old man was adamant, and he walked off with Father Carney's warning ringing in his ears: "If you thwart God's will, you will live to

Ah Lung Plans Anew

Wisdom usually comes
the hard way

by Constantine F. Burns

regret it. Remember, God humbles the proud."

David finished his schooling but dared not return home for fear his grandfather would really carry out the threat to kill him. Everyone knew old Ah Lung meant what he had said. Under the circumstances, the grandson could not be accepted at the seminary.

Finally the family council advised him to accede to his grandfather's wish, and take to himself a wife. Reluctantly David agreed, was married with much ado, got himself a position teaching in the city school, and settled down to the common way of life. Then followed three years, in which David prospered, and his wife bore him a son.

A son! Yes, a great-grandson to Ah Lung. But alas, the old man could not fully enjoy this blessing, for he had become blind. In silence, he took the newborn child in his arms, felt its feet and hands, and explored the contours of its face. In silence, he handed it back to its

father. His thoughts he would not express, but his eyes were wet with tears.

From that day on, the old man sat in his shop in town and meditated for long hours, while his son carried on the business of buying and selling fine teas with which his name was linked.

Time brought changes. Time brought a long, arduous war, and waves of bombers that rained destruction on the civilian population far behind the lines. Bombers came swiftly and with little warning.

On a day in autumn, a messenger from the hill country stood before Ah Lung and reported that a great fire had swept over the dry hillsides and, before the depleted staff could do anything, had destroyed his plantation and a great store of tea. There was not even time for the old man to inquire the details when the air-raid siren screeched its raucous warning, and the messenger hurried away to get out of town.

"I am old and blind, and cannot run," the old man said to himself. "Let them come, with their death from the skies!" The bombers were overhead by this time; they had passed to the other end of town, circled and turned back.

Ah Lung and his grandson sat in silence and waited. The old man breathed a prayer. Ung! A muffled roar. That was a big one! Lub-a-dub-

a-dub-a-dub-a-dub—a whole stick of them down across the town. "Hush," said Ah Lung, "they are coming this —"

If You Wish

you can have a share in the future ministry of a young American who wants to be a Maryknoll priest, by making an offering of \$5 or \$10 or more to help build for him our new seminary near Chicago.

But he never finished the sentence. His shop lifted itself from its foundation and settled in a heap of ruins about them. The roar of the motors faded in

the distance, and the planes were gone.

There it was that Father Carney found them. Ah Lung was badly shaken but not seriously wounded, but his grandson, David, was dead.

In the fields outside the town Ah Lung owned a little home and a garden. To this quiet retreat, the family retired. When Ah Lung was quite himself again, he gathered his family about him and addressed them: "God has given us much, and God has taken it away again. Let us be content with little. I have been face to face with death, and God has given me a chance to make peace with Him.

"Come Paul," he said, speaking to David's son, now fourteen years of age, "lead me to the church."

Father Carney came upon them kneeling side by side. Ah Lung had been speaking to the boy, and there was deep emotion upon the old man's face. Then he prayed aloud:

"If it be Your will to grant me pardon and give joy to my aging years, then choose this lad for the place left vacant by his father."

"If I preach the gospel, it is no glory to me, for a necessity lieth upon me; for woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel" (1 Cor. ix:16)



Jungle Hospital



Bolivia would make 78 states the size of Massachusetts. Half of it is two miles high; the other half is low-land jungle. The Maryknoll hospital is in Riberaita, a city of 5,000 in the heart of the jungle. Along huge, snake-like rivers, the rubber workers eke out their dreary, humdrum lives.

A PHOTO STORY ➡





Sister Mercy (left, above), a graduate doctor of Marquette University Medical School, is in charge of the hospital. She is assisted by registered nurses, all Maryknoll Sisters. It is not uncommon for patients to journey 500 miles to milk-white sheets and modern medicine.



BEFORE

BISHOP ALONSO ESCALANTE, Maryknoll's first Vicar Apostolic of the Pando mission, in Bolivia, is seen in the photograph at the left, above. He is standing before the rickety, old wooden structure that for years served as the Riberalta Hospital. During the war, American dollars

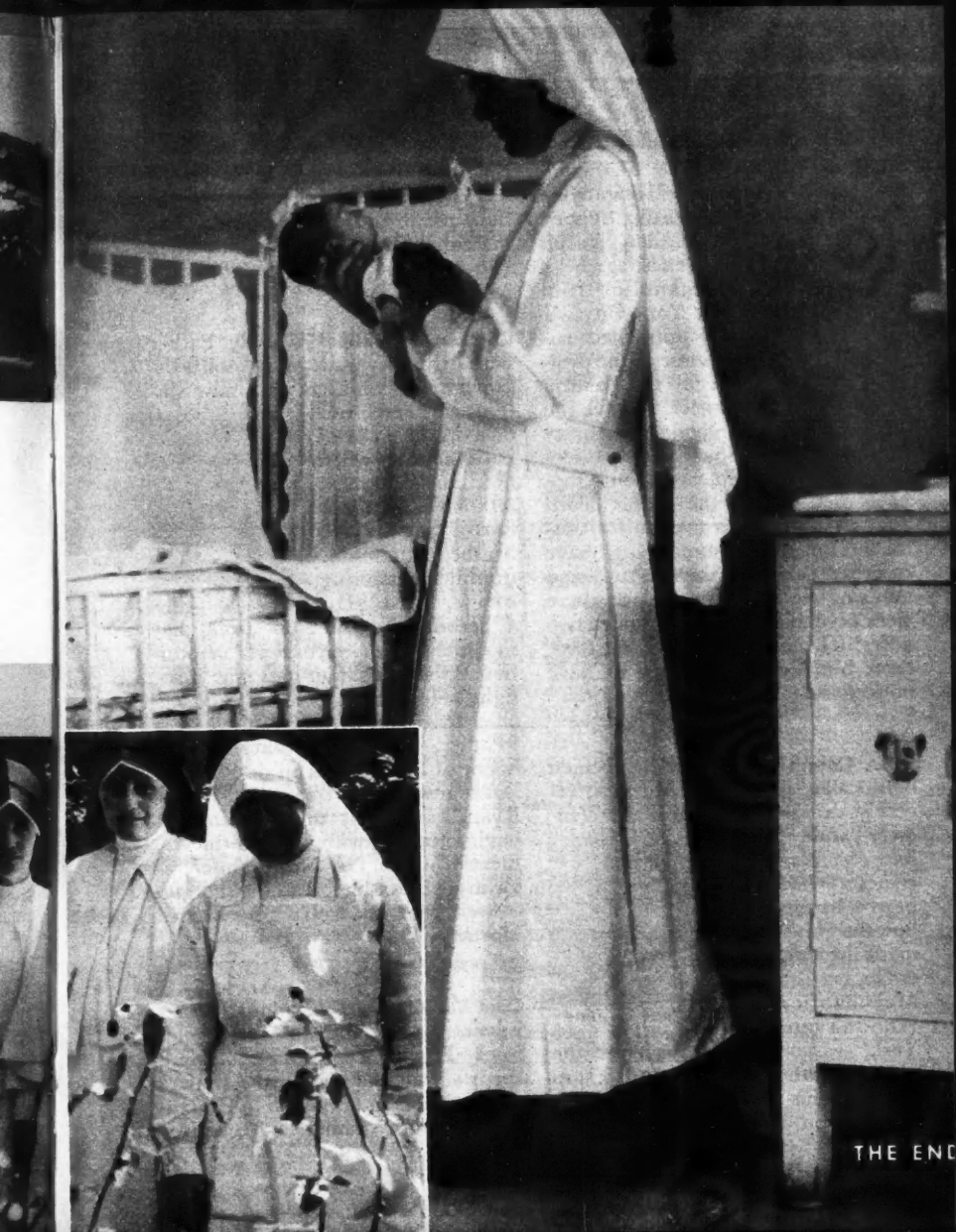


AFTER

went into the construction of the modest but sightly new edifice. The bishop arranged for Maryknoll Sisters to take charge. Bolivian inspectors from La Paz recently pronounced this jungle hospital one of the most modern and best-managed institutions in all Bolivia.

The Maryknoll Sisters in Bolivia now number well over a dozen. Sister Marie Marquette (right) examines an Indian baby, a newborn jungle citizen.





THE END

The Maryknoll Roundup

Startling Figures. "The first comprehensive census for Tanganyika (Africa) was taken recently," reported



Father Brannigan

ed Father Joseph E. Brannigan, a Maryknoller from New York City. "I was appointed supervisor of the project for the Bakuria district. It gave me

a good opportunity to make myself known to many people whom I ordinarily should not have met. I hope the census board allowed a generous margin for mistakes, for the enumerators have recorded some startling figures and amazing ages. In one place there were no children listed as under two years! The census takers must have been blind and deaf, not to have noticed the many babies in Bakuria."

Prize Comment. The Catholic men of Bacalar, in Middle America, recently decided to rebuild the cemetery wall, which had collapsed. The cemetery had once been a beauty spot, but the jungle had made inroads. Father Gerard Greene, a Maryknoller from Woodhaven, New York, was on hand to oversee the repairs. Father watched Pedro stop swinging his pick, wipe the sweat from his brow, and take a squint at



Father Greene

the tropical sun. Then Father Greene heard Pedro exclaim: "When I die, bury me in the shade. I don't want the sun beating down on me when I'm dead!"

Chicken Trouble. One day Father Bernard F. Ryan, a Maryknoll Missioner from Chicago, Ill., now stationed in Peru, was on a distant sick call in the country when he chanced to meet an old lady on a burro. She halted, brushed the hair from her perspiring brow, and slid a secondhand shotgun from her shoulder to a more comfortable position. As she began to untie the three tight knots in the colored handkerchief that held her coins, she asked, "Father, will you celebrate Mass in honor of Blessed Martin de Porres?" Putting two and two together, Father Ryan knew that the woman was having trouble with chicken thieves. Blessed Martin is a favorite intercessor in such troubles. And the shotgun — well, that was to back up Blessed Martin!



Father Ryan

Coal Mines Like Gold Mines. Father Edwin J. McCabe, a Maryknoller from Providence, Rhode Island, keeps a watchful eye on the welfare of the miners in his parish in Chuanhsien, South China. "Recently,"

writes Father, "the coal mines near here were reopened. The hills were as covered with prospectors as if gold had been newly discovered. God has blessed these people with a good vein of coal, but their eagerness needs guidance. I urged the people to protect themselves by forming a co-operative."

Honest People. A 500% interest on loans, borrowed by Chinese farmers to buy seeds for their rice fields, has



Father McKeirnan

been drastically reduced by a credit plan adopted in the Sz Wong mission area. Father Michael J. McKeirnan, a Maryknoller from Pomeroy, Washington, allows the Chinese farmers to borrow from mission funds, at a rate of only 5% interest. Another missionary, who first instituted the plan two years ago, in a different mission, reports that not a single farmer who borrowed from the mission has failed to repay his loan.

Almost Broke. Theophane Walsh, a Maryknoll Brother from Roxbury,

Mass., sees many signs and notices in Tokyo, Japan, that cause him no little hilarity. One of the important signs of the times is the name of one bus company. Placarded in large characters on that company's busses is the company name, which translated literally means, "The Almost-Broke Bus Company."

Backwards. Not long ago, Father Gorden N. Fritz, a Maryknoller from Newport, Minn., now stationed in



Father Fritz

Bolivia, was laying tiles in his new kitchen. Along came the local Indian chief and asked if he could help. He was put to work at once. But when Father returned to the kitchen some time later, he found a very puzzled Indian. The chief just couldn't understand why the tiles should keep sliding off. He had been putting the smooth side of the tile against the wall! The whims and vagaries of these Indians never cease to amaze Father Fritz. He has been toying with the idea of teaching the Indians everything backwards, and then they would do jobs correctly.

Any boy interested in becoming a Maryknoll missionary should write to:

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Gala Day at Ixtahuacan



Skyrockets and horsemen greet the Bishop

by Arthur F. Allie

THE HIGH LIGHT of the visit of Maryknoll's Superior General, Bishop Raymond A. Lane, to the Huehuetenango mission in Guatemala was the day he spent in Father James P. Curtin's parish at San Ildefonso. The occasion was doubly propitious since the visit coincided with the *fiesta* in honor of the patron saint of the parish.

Our party, which consisted of Bishop Lane, Father Daniel Lenahan, and myself, set out in the mission station wagon with Brother Felix at the wheel. After an hour's pleasant travel, we reached the end of the highway, where we waited for Father Curtin to arrive with the horses.

In a short time, he appeared with his escort. And not much later, like a page from a Wild West novel, there appeared over the ridge a group of about a dozen riders, with Father Leo T. Connors in the lead. Each rider held aloft in one hand a staff, from the top of which fluttered streamers of red, yellow, purple, and white bunting. This display gave the riders a decidedly medieval air.

The famous blue of Guatemalan skies was unspoiled by even one cloud. And the trail we were riding is one of the most picturesque in the mission. It led us through pleasant valleys and up to the summits of pine-clad mountains, from where we could see incomparable scenery, in vivid ever-changing colors.

As the party neared Father Curtin's mission, in the town of Ixtahuacan, crowds of Indians came to welcome their distinguished guest. A reception always includes skyrockets. At the noise, Father Lenahan's horse took to prancing a bit, and before he knew it, Father was lying on the ground, with one foot still in the stirrup. Fortunately he was not hurt in the fall, but he picked himself up a few shades lighter in color than when he descended unceremoniously from his steed.

At the edge of town, we were met by a large group of Indians led by the "queen" of the festival, who presented Father General with a huge bouquet of flowers. Indian men, women, and children were eager to greet the bishop and kiss his ring. Everyone set out up the hill to the center of town.

Indian dancers marched in the pro-



cession, decked out in their costumes representing the conquistadores. Marimbas and Indian drums

livened things up a bit. And people were peering out of almost every door and window, eager to see the bishop as he moved in the center of a packed throng.

Once arrived at the church, everyone marched in and filled the spacious building. Father General gave them his blessing; and Father Curtin announced that in the evening there would be a procession through the streets, followed by Benediction.

The afternoon was taken up with a basketball game between the young men from Father Connors' parish and those of Ixtahuacan. The not too young men of Ixtahuacan lost the game and the special prize put up by Father General — ten dollars.

The evening procession was impromptu but dignified. Bishop Lane walked at the end of a double line of joyously singing Indians. After circling the plaza, the procession reentered the church for Benediction.

The Tax Man Likes Us

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The following morning, the day of the feast of San Ildefonso, Father General celebrated the principal

Mass. The Indians filled the large church to the doors. Bishop Lane was thrilled with the great progress that Maryknollers had already accomplished in making the Church the social and religious center of the Indians' lives.

By good fortune, a Guatemalan gentleman, Don Girola, was in Ixtahuacan for the *fiesta*. He kindly offered Father General and the other priests the use of his jeep for the return journey.

Unfortunately, present means of transportation did not permit a visit by Father General to some of the other mission stations. There, I feel certain, he would have witnessed much the same outpouring of respect and enthusiasm he experienced in Ixtahuacan. He would have noted with equal pride the great strides Maryknollers in Guatemala have made, during the past six years, in building up these Indian communities.

The Ave Maria on a Lonely Road

An overflow crowd in the auditorium of the city's Art Hall enjoyed the latest program of phonograph records presented to Kweilin residents by Father Ted J. McCabe of Providence, R. I. The enthusiasm of the Chinese audience was astounding. One university student had to walk for an hour and a half in the pitch dark to get back to his dormitory, but he thought that a small price to pay. "I had no difficulty in walking back," he wrote. "The words and music of the *Ave Maria* still lingered in my mind. I did not feel the loneliness of the dark or the length of the trip, for the song was still so clear and beautiful." The excellent music has prompted a number of non-Christians of Kweilin to show interest in the Church.

THREE MINUTE Meditation

"Now this is eternal life: that they may know thee, the only true God . . ." (*John xvii:3*).

IF YOU try to describe hope, you can use sweeping superlatives and still not even come close to doing justice to this virtue, one of your most precious possessions.

Spiritual writers recommend that we occasionally take the virtue of hope off the shelf in our minds. It may need some dusting and polishing, and certainly we can never examine our hope too much.

Hope is one of the presents that Jesus Christ brought down from heaven for you and for me. Let's let Him describe it in His own words: "Now this is eternal life: that they may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou has sent." Into that one sentence, Our Lord packed an incredible amount of meaning.

What we have to look forward to is an endless period of getting acquainted with God. And it will take an eternity even to begin knowing Him.

Some people are very much afraid that they will be bored in heaven. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Our hope is that we shall be rewarded. God will be doing the rewarding, and His generosity will surpass our fondest dreams. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love Him" (*1 Cor. ii:9*).

Conclusion: If Christ had His way, all men would have hope. All men would be buoyed up in the troubles and woes of this life by the assurance of an amazing amount of happiness in the next life. You and I can help Christ get His way.

All Things

THE SON OF MAN is come to save that which was lost" (*Matt. xviii:11*); and He has His own special methods, dictated by divine charity, of drawing souls within the circle of His unique salvation. In general, these methods consist in taking men as they are and giving them what they need. The methods include the bolt of lightning that changed Saul into Paul, and the gradual chain of grace that finally revealed the shining path of truth and reality to Saint Augustine and to Cardinal Newman. More often the methods involve less-complicated procedures. A problem met, a sickness healed, a bowl of rice given, sometimes further sincere conversions. God may use whatever means He chooses, in piercing the earth-bound senses of men and sweeping away the mists that hide His countenance from them.

THE PART played by human methods in spiritual conversion is a relatively minor one. Conversion is offered to every living soul; yet there is a wide gap between such a tremendous supernatural grace and the ordinary dispositions of a purely natural, materially minded, shortsighted, sin-laden individual. Men are creatures of sense, whose spirituality is overlaid by lifetime secretions of faulty thinking, leaden care, and worldly preoccupation.

It is not easy to probe through these trappings that enmesh the soul, hampering and clogging its enfeebled efforts to find God and happiness in every place except where they are. Therefore, God removes the obstructions, or neutralizes them, or utilizes them, or at least sheds light on them, as may be fitting in each particular case, and thus opens the mind

to All Men

and warms the heart to create the prerequisite dispositions for conversion. The windows of the soul must be ventilated by the winds of heaven before a human being can be ready for the bridge-burning, eternity-spanning, destiny-freighted decision to embrace the truth.

ONLY GOD can solve all the problems of men, but the missionary can carry on the ministry of Christ in the same spirit and with the same general methodology. His study is to know the needs of the people he evangelizes, to find means to relieve them as far as possible, and to render those means acceptable. He first sets out to understand the mentality of the people, their civilization, background, interests, and aspirations. The missionary deals with the mentality of his own age; he must know the currents of thought and the needs of the period that color the minds around him. The apostle tries to utilize them all, as so many means of attracting souls to the true solution of all human needs and problems.

THE MISSIONER'S TASK represents an extensive and difficult labor. But we should remember that the task is only a weak and halting approximation to God's own understanding of the human heart, His divine determination to fulfill its needs, and the lengths He will go to reach it. To help men to find God is a great privilege and the way to do this effectively is to become one with men by close assimilation. As God is all things to all of us in infinite degree, so the missionary is all things to all men in his measure. Adaptation is God's own method.

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America*

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THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

This Month's Cover

This picture was taken just after tiny Juan was baptized. Juan doesn't realize it yet, but some very wonderful people are now on his side. The recording angel begins a new page in the book of life. Juan's mother, God's Mother, and God Himself take a special interest in this brand-new candidate for heaven. Juan and his mother live in the mountain country of Peru.





Our Lady of Maryknoll

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Lunch for Two



Uncle Six Entertains a Friend

by Bishop Paschang

UNCLE SIX sings for a living; he also sings for fun. His name is never on the signboards that drum-beating boys carry through South China streets to announce theatrical performances. Uncle's audience never comes to him; he goes out to seek it. At a wedding or a birthday feast, he might be in the house of a rich family, singing to amuse the silk-clad guests, but he would sing just as gaily to amuse the ragged herd-boys on the hillside. His pay was as much — or as little — rice, as the rich cared to give, but he would as gratefully accept a raw sweet potato from a herd-boy's lunch.

One day Uncle Six was strolling down the road, occupied with nothing but thinking up songs in his head, when a hoarse voice hailed him.

"Oh, master, have a good heart! Give me a bit of money!"

Uncle Six looked around and saw a rag-clad man, sitting by a clump of bushes a few yards from the path. The man was a leper. The singer approached the leper, who repeated his cry and held out a stumpy hand. Uncle Six never talked when he could sing, so he slapped his empty pockets and caroled:

"I have no silver,
I have no gold,
I have no money

That I can fold."

The leper groaned. However, seeing the kindly grin on Uncle Six's face, he did not lose hope. "Too bad," he said, "but let me follow you to your house, and you can give me something there."

Uncle Six threw back his head and laughed.

"I have no house,
I have no land,
I slept last night
On a bed of sand."

The leper groaned again, and whined: "Then it's no use asking you for anything. You are no better off than I am!"

Uncle Six grinned, and twitched a hempen sack from his shoulder.

"Oh, I sang today
At the house of Long;
One pint of rice
Was pay for my song."

"I also was at the Long wedding today," said the leper. "I squatted for three hours outside the door, before they gave me a handful of cold rice and sent me away."

Uncle Six shook his head and sang out orders:

"You rake some leaves
And break some sticks;
I'll make a stove
Of these two bricks."
As nimbly as his toe-less feet

would carry him, the leper gathered dry leaves with his stumpy fingers, and broke dry twigs from bushes. Uncle Six placed the fuel between two pieces of adobe brick; then he took a sooty pot out of his sack, dipped muddy water from the ditch, emptied his rice sack into the pot, and placed it on the bricks. After a few whacks of his flint-and-steel sparker, accompanied by much blowing, he had a merry flame under the pot.

The leper squatted by expectantly as Uncle Six slowly fed the flames until the pot above them gurgled. Then Uncle Six filled the coconut-shell bowl of the leper with smoking rice gruel, and poured the remainder into his own shell bowl.

"This is all right!" cried the leper, smacking his lumpy lips.

"No mistake," agreed Uncle Six. And he sang between sips:

"Only rice half-cooked,
Not a grain of salt;
But a pinching belly
Can find no fault."

"Truly not," agreed the leper, "and my belly is always pinching. But now all your rice is gone. What shall you do for your next meal?"

Uncle Six laughed into his up-tilted bowl.

"This dab of rice —
Too little to store;
Now this is gone,
I can sing for more."

"I can't sing," complained the leper. "I can only croak. Tell me, why did you share your so-little rice with me?"

Sang Uncle Six:
"I believe in God,
Who made all good;
So I share my rice
As God-believers should."

"Well, I wish there were more God-believers in this neighborhood," said the leper. "But it is strange that you dare to sit so near to me. Not even other beggars will come so near to a leper."

Uncle Six looked kindly on the poor creature and explained:

"Though your fingers are stumps,
And your face full of lumps,
God gave you a soul,
Which none can see,
And that makes you
A brother to me."

As the leper stared open-mouthed, Uncle Six put his empty utensils into his sack. Then he sang a good-by and strode down the road, thinking up more songs. Because most of his songs are sung for pleasure, with no audience, they gather no rice.

James and Mary Give Out Gifts

During the war, the Japanese pastor of St. Mary's Episcopal church in Kyoto joined the colors and bade his little flock go to St. Francis Xavier's, the Catholic church near by. The war over, James and Mary Tsiji stayed on at St. Francis Xavier's, and have just celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Their friends brought presents, but James, now 82, and Mary, aged 74, anticipated this. Determined to outdo their well-wishers, they presented an individual gift to each guest. "We have received too many precious blessings, not to give something to other people," they said.



Own a Brick in Our Seminary Wall

WITH the help of good people like yourself, Maryknoll is building a new seminary at Glen Ellyn, near Chicago, to train 400 young Americans for the missions overseas. Maryknoll missionaries are laboring for souls in China, Korea, Japan; in Africa; in Mexico, Guatemala, Peru, Bolivia, Chile; and in the Hawaiian Islands. Many more missionaries are needed. The problem of obtaining funds to continue the construction of this seminary is a big one. Will you help to complete the wall? A few bricks from many, will mean many bricks in all.

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The Heart of the Struggle

WHEN HISTORY a century or more hence weighs, for good and for evil, the personalities of the mid-twentieth century, the likelihood is strong that the dominant figure will not be Roosevelt or Churchill, Hitler or Stalin, but Pope Pius XII. In his series of public utterances on our disordered day and age, he is voicing the ultimate issues in the fundamental conflict which is being waged, now as ever, between good and evil.

It is a communist illusion that the ultimate issues are economic. It is a democratic illusion that they are political. It is a common illusion that they are dogmatic, a conflict between a specific government and a specific Church that are antithetical. The basic truth is that the conflict is between a society based on the individual's personal dignity and freedom and the society where they are subordinated to the totalitarian state.

The fundamental conflict of our era is not between fascism and communism. Despite external and secondary differences, they are basically the same thing. Nor is it between them and democracy, if democracy be considered merely political and economic freedom for the individual. The basic freedom is moral freedom, with its corollary of individual moral responsibility, which we as Americans like to think of as American but in reality is a universal human heritage from God, which is in fundamental conflict with totalitarianism. This is the point which Pope Pius XII is bringing home to the world.

— AN EDITORIAL APPEARING IN *The Boston Traveler*

LO HON PAC IS WORRIED these days. He remembers the time, twenty years ago, when the Communists besieged his town of Ho Keou, where the Lo Clan, Catholics of long standing, had lived for generations.

When I visited his town recently, on a mission trip, Lo Hon told me the story of the futile, eight-day battle to ward off the attackers. He had



Lo Hon Remembers and Forgives

by Bernard T. Welch

escaped; he hadn't wanted to leave, but his parents had insisted. All who had not escaped were ruthlessly treated. Lo Hon's grandfather, the first Catholic of that region, and Lo Hon's parents were among the 138 persons led by the Communists to a schoolhouse and there put to death.

Nearly five years intervened before Lo Hon and a few other natives returned to Ho Keou. Their homes had been pillaged; the four walls of the school silently guarded the remains of the victims. Lo Hon thought to himself, "The Man up Above had a reason for all this."

During my visit, Lo Hon carefully unwrapped eleven large photos. He

had kept them well preserved for his posterity to see. Each picture revealed the horrible havoc wrought on the people and the town of Ho Keou. There were photos of skeletons, strewn over the floor of the schoolhouse; of piles of bones heaped for burial; of skulls arranged in rows; of wrecked homes. A look at the present rebuilt homes and farms showed the grim determination with which Lo Hon and his fellow townsmen keep up the struggle for survival.

Lo Hon has long since forgiven the evil that God-hating men did to his relatives. His faith is solid; he leads his fine Catholic family in prayer twice daily, before the family shrine where the Sacred Heart has been enthroned. With confidence he prays over his problems during the present time of civil strife. He prays that such dark days will never come again.

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Heaven Stealers. "Today," writes Sister Patricia, "the matron of a public orphanage in Kongmoon (South China) brought two babies over to the convent for baptism. The matron said there was a fourteen-year-old boy who was very ill, but she could not carry him, and she asked the Sisters to come to the orphanage to baptize him. We found the boy unable to speak. We weren't sure how much he understood of what we told him of our Faith, so we baptized him conditionally. That evening, three souls winged their way to heaven.

"The matron of the public orphanage is not a Catholic, but she seems to realize the value of Baptism, for she is willing to inconvenience herself to help her dying charges."

Topsy-turvy Land. The school children in Riberalta, Bolivia, have finished their winter holiday and are in school again for regular classes. South America seems a topsy-turvy land to us who live north of the equator. That imaginary line does things to the month of August.

Sister Magdalen Mary writes from Riberalta: "One day during the va-

cation we chaperoned some of the little girls on an all-day outing to Grave Rol, a large farm on the banks of the Beni River. The road to the farm is a real jungle path; bridges are tree trunks laid carelessly across chasms. The children are sure-footed. But the Sisters closed their eyes to the depths below, put one foot in front of another, and prayed to their guardian angels to get them safely across. The children had a happy day, and we hope they used up all their surplus energy on the outing so that they will be attentive to school work."

Free Show

In Waialua, Hawaii, Sister Regina Cordis was telling her pupils about their guardian angels. Little Paul wanted to get the facts straight. "When I go to the show, does my angel go there, too?" asked Paul. "That's right, Paul," answered Sister Cordis. Light seemed to dawn, and a big smile flooded Paul's face as he said, "But my guardian angel doesn't buy a ticket!"



Sister Margaret Patricia and Sister Mary Elma are about to take off (above) for a trip into the back country of Nicaragua. The Maryknoll Sisters came to Nicaragua in 1944, to work with American Capuchin missionaries.



The poorest of the poor make up the second-grade class in Panama, which is tutored by Sister Concepta Marie (left). The class is largely composed of Negro children, whose forebears came to dig the great Canal.

Fortuneteller. "God uses all types of instruments in the work of saving souls," writes Sister Mary Rosalia from Wuchow, South China. "This time He used a fortuneteller in bringing Sam P'oh into the Church. Sam P'oh is a dear old lady who had been in contact with the Church for forty years but could not get the courage to make the final step. Some time ago, she consulted a fortuneteller, who told her that she would die at the age of sixty-five. As that gave her only one more year to live, she decided she would take the step before it was too late. Her deep faith and determination have reacted on everyone, and many of our Catholics vied with one another to help with Sam P'oh's instruction. Last Sunday the old lady was baptized."

Great Grace. Work among the poor Igorotes of the Atab mission, in the Philippine Islands, sometimes brings unexpected results. "We saw the father of two Igorot girls at Mass this morning," writes Sister M. Fidelis. "This was the first time he had come to church; previously he had been a very intolerant and harsh father to his two daughters. We are praying for this father's complete conversion."

Loud Prayer. Sister Maria reports from Laipo, South China: "I went to see Erh Nai, who is about eighty years old and recently converted. She asked if we would request the priest to come and put some 'holy oil' on her, as she would like to receive the grace of the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. The old lady lives with a non-Christian daughter-in-law and three grandchildren. She has warned them not to perform superstitious rites when she dies. Erh Nai has also instructed her daughter-in-law to buy handkerchiefs to be presented as little gifts in her name to each Catholic who comes to pray for the repose of her soul. Erh Nai makes a good Christian."

A small Chinese boy quite won Sister Maria's heart. She continues: "Pe Hsiang came to the dispensary this afternoon for medicine for his sick father. Then he asked if he might have a look see at our compound. I took him into the chapel and told him he could ask Our Lord to cure his father."

"Pe Hsiang fixed his eyes on the altar and shouted as loud as he could: 'Lord of Heaven, please make my sick father better! He has been ill a long time.'"

Maryknoll Sisters, Maryknoll P. O., New York

Dear Sisters:

I enclose herewith \$_____ to be used for the direct work of saving souls.

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

As long as possible, I will send \$_____ each month for the support of a Maryknoll Sister.





Youth Salutes Years

The old woman shown at the left raised a large family in Puno, Peru, educating her children in the ways of God; her wrinkles are so many badges, showing the wear and tear involved. She smiles as she thinks of the nearness of heaven. Above: Father Vincent M. Cowan, of Oakland, Calif., pauses for a chat with a venerable man in Nuble, Chile. Youth is inclined to push years aside, but such action does not become the follower of Christ.

PHOTOS BY JOSEPH A. HAHN





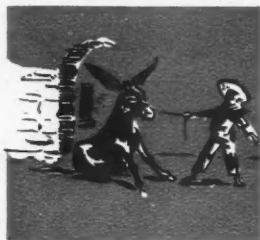
Above: Father Joseph H. Cappel, of Norwood, Ohio, says a few encouraging words to a Chilean grandmother. Below: She's blind, but her sharp ears catch the friendly respect in the voice of Chicago's Father Bernard F. Ryan.





Father Joseph J. Rickert, of Brooklyn, takes off his hat to the pleasant smile that one of his parishioners can muster in spite of a long, hard life.

Maryknoll



Want Ads.

Weather or Not. Rain and wind and African sunshine get into Father Collins' church, in Nyegina, because it lacks a roof. Aluminum sheets that cost \$3 each will make a fine cover for it. Father needs 100 of them.

Last December. Father Meyer was unable to make the Christmas story vivid for mission children in China because he lacked Cribs. This year he hopes to do better. Who will give \$50 for two Crib sets, with figures and animals, to show the Chinese what is meant?

A Good Catholic, \$25. It costs \$25 a year to support and educate a boy or girl at Father McNiff's school in Chile. The pupils learn Christian principles; they acquire useful trades; they grow up to be self-sustaining men and women, good Catholics, and good friends of our country. What better investment for your money?

\$8 x 8,000. Father Tennien has 8,000 people under instruction. He says: "To instruct one Chinese for Baptism costs \$3; to continue to Confirmation, costs \$5 more." Will you help one convert?

If You Wish — you can have a share in a young American who wants to be a Maryknoll priest. How? By making an offering of \$5 to help build quarters for a Maryknoll student in our new seminary near Chicago.

To Provide a Confessional at Father Vincent Cowan's church, in Chile, will cost \$30.

Gifts for Korea. Holy pictures and medals — hundreds of each — would greatly help Father George Carroll impress his message in a land where Christianity is being taught under handicaps.

Incense and Candles for Benediction are needed in Father Lloyd Glass's mission in China. They will cost \$25. Who can spare that much for the altar?

Sanctuary Lamps are wanted in China. Father Tennien requests three; and Fathers Langley, Meyer, Moore and Fedders, each ask for one. In addition, Fathers Moore and Fedders would each like to get a set of Stations of the Cross. Sanctuary lamps cost \$25 each; a Set of Stations, \$100. Total needed, \$475.

Cut It Out. Brother Albert wants to teach poor boys, in his industrial school in Kongmoon, the wood-carving trade. Brother has the school and the boys — but not the tools. A good set costs \$300.

Baptismal Font. Father Foody's church in Cholchol (South America) needs one — but it will cost \$50. The donor's name, or one he stipulates, will be placed upon the font, to make it a lasting memorial.

Seven-League Boots would be helpful, but are hard for missionaries to find. A horse is the next best thing. In Guatemala Father Lenahan can buy a horse for \$100. This means of rapid transit will multiply the area the priest can cover.





“Go . . . teach . . . baptize”

Hundreds of American young men are in training for overseas mission work, in Maryknoll seminaries from California to Massachusetts.

We are looking for benefactors to help support those of our seminarians who lack sufficient funds to pay for the cost of their training. You may wish to have a part in helping a young man to become a Maryknoll Missioner.

A seminarian's training costs about \$500 a year. If you make it possible for him to become a missioner, you will share in his Masses, his prayers, his labors, and his reward.

Any gift, large or small, to educate a young man for a mission overseas, will be gratefully received. This deserving charity may appeal to your friends. Please tell them about it.

A Maryknoll annuity may interest you. An annuity allows you to enjoy income from your funds. Write to us for a free *Annuity* booklet.



Feeling warm? Take this tip from Toru and his friends of Kyoto, Japan, who have run out of the hot city to the cool haunts of the swimming hole.

